## AT THE END OF THE MANROPE.

THE HOMEWARD VOYAGE OF THE BRIGANTINE WARRIOR.

BY MORGAN ROBERTSON.

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Mr. Arbuckle's reputation was internationa and from the viewpoint of shipmasters and own ers it was good. Aside from slight mention of an independence of character which had prevented their recommending him for a command, captainwith whom he had sailed spoke well of him. They agreed that he knew his business. He could lick acrew into shape before the green hands had learned the ropes. He could get more work out of them than could ordinarily be got out of double their number. He could take a lofty, skysal yarder-dingy and rusty from a long stay at the dock-and with the poorest of crews could hav her spick and span as a yacht before reaching the Horn or the Cape. In a sudden squall he could shorten down to topgallantsails before the watch below could reach the deck to help. In short, he was, as one skipper expressed it, "the two ends and the bight of [a sailor." and in the opinion of all of them, the best chief mate out of New York. The opinion of sailors who has signed under him was equally unanimous, but. unfit for publication, is not given here. It does not matter. Gossip of the forecastle and sallors' boarding house would not have influenced Capt. Haskins at this stage of his develop-

would have risen up to offset such gossip. At ship chandlers' stores, agents and Consuls offices, and at shipmasters' tables he had listened to tales told by his conterees' of mutinous crews double irons and bread and water, belaving nine and handspike medicine, powder and buck shot arguments and other details incident to the government of big ships, and he, the little withared, kindly faced old man, who had pever struck a blow or received one, who did not need a mate to keep his men at work, whose ancient little ves sel was known as the "Sailors' Home," would have lived such experiences and told such tales. His humdrum life palled upon him. Hence his secret yearnings bence his delight when, looking for a mate at Callan, he was introduced by the Consul to Mr. George Arbuckle, the crack chief officer of big ships, the dashing, handsome 6-footer whose reputation was so good, who for twenty years had signed in nothing smaller than 2,000 tons register, and who would sign with Capt. Haskins now only because supwreck had lef him penniless, and the Consul baving procured him a berth, declined further assistance. "I'll take the berth, captain," he said, "and b

ment, even had he heard it. A secret and un

satisfied yearning for higher things, hidden in

his soul since his first voyage with his fathe

aboard in the morning; but there's one thing i stick out for. There's no second mate, you say so I'll have more than my share of the work. What I want is no interference between me and the men. I'm not used to it, in the first place: and then. I'll have no time for it. I don't believe in coddling men, and if I break one o' their heads -that's my business. If I kill one o' them that's my business, too, but I'll expect my money at Quarantine, as usual, and a chance to skip before

"Certainly, certainly," stammered the little captain. "I understand, Mr. Arbuckle, A mate has rights which a master is bound to respect I leave things entirely to you -- as far as the work goes. You know your business. I heard of you ion years ago. I have six in the forecastle. A little stirring up won't hurt 'em. Suit yoursel Stir 'em up, if you like."

So, Mr. George Arbuckle became mate of the little brigantine Warrior, loaded and cleared for New York. On his way to the dock in the morning, he stopped at the Consulate to Post a lette home, and listened to this from the white-haired old Consul

"I heard you speak careiessly of breaking heads and killing men. You have done this be fore I have heard of you and will possibly do it again; but, be assured, sir, on the word of an old man who has studied men and events, the wrong and the men we kill come back to watch us die Here is a letter, just in from the 'Prisco steamer. for one of your crew."

Mr. Arbuckle laughed at the admonition shook hands with the Consul, pocketed the letter and went on board. When he had changed his dother and reached the deck he found that Cani-Haskins had mustered the crew at the mainmast. These are my men, Mr. Arbuckle," said the aptein. "Men, this is Mr. Arbuckle, who goes

home mate with us " A gray-bearded man, elderly but active, stepped forward from the group, and ducking his head with a conciliatory grin, said, partly to the cap

tain, partly to the officer. "I knew Mr. Arbuckle when he was a boy, si

though I don't s'pose he 'members me. I lived in Tompkinsville a while. He used to chum wi' my nephew my namesake. My name's Mr. Arbuckle made no immediate response

He was looking into each face with a dispassionate stare, and only gave the old sailor his share of the scrutiny. When he had finished the inspec tion he said quietly to the crew as a whole "I've taken your measure. Now, let me tell

you at the start I expect when I speak to a man that that man will jump not walk, or run, but jump. Understand? Then we can get along. But, if we don't - if I have to speak twice to a man that man'll wish himself dead. Understand? My name's Arbuckle. Ever hear of me? My Arst name is Mister. Remember that." The men -all but the negro cook shifted their

feet uneasily and dropped their eyes when his searching glance met them. But the cook returned his stare. "I think, sir," said Martin, "you'll find us all

right. I've sailed three v'yages wi' Capt. Has

old man, let me say to you: I've no use for townies aboard ship. The less you have to say about Tompkinsville, the better for you. Go forrard, They obeyed him, with misgiving in their

faces, though Capt. Haskins smiled his delight. Here was the right kind of a mate. But for a few days, during which the brigantine put to sea. nothing further occurred to further satisfy his yearnings or justify the misgivings of the men. Mr. Arbuckle proved his efficiency as an officer In navigation he was superior to Capt. Haskins, and in seamanship, above the criticism of old Martin, an erudite forecastle lawyer. The men, too, impressed by his certain mastery of his profession, and zealous to please an officer they respected, forestalled the first beginnings of disapproval, until Tom. an intelligent young fellow . fresh from the Navy, answered a command with "Very good, sir," instead of the "Aye, aye, sir" of the merchant service. Obviously, no selfrespecting officer could brook such an offence; Tom was promptly knocked down, stepped upon, kicked in the face and instructed

"I want none o' your man o' war eliquette here," said the mate sternly, as the dazed sailer arose. "Answer me properly, or I'll cut the liver out o' you. Hear me? Come now, what d'ye

eaye, aye, sir," stammered Tom, too aston ished, as well as disabled, to resent this treatment. He was not cowardly, but no sane man merely resents the assaults of a tiger, and Tom possesse

the man of war's man's respect for authority Jerry, an Irishman, was next to be disciplined. He spilled some tar on the dingy old deck, and was called down from aloft, collared, choked, pressed downward, and his nose rubbed in the sticky tar; then he was reduced to aches and contusions. But the national sense of injury was had to take this at school and at sea. So does strong in Jerry, and he had never served in the navy. He turned on the officer and fought-him until rendered unconscious; then he was carried to his bunk and nursed back to life by Capt. Hascins, who read him a lecture on insubordination, and outwardly approved of his punishment. Outwardly, because the misgivings of the men had reached to the captain, and were sorely conficting with his inward yearnings.

Dotch Ned's turn came next. A shift of wind | men for witnesses."

canght the libs aback, and Ned, at the "I was put der wheel hard up, air," he said is

answer. "but she no steerage way have righ away, sir." "Dry up, you black jowled Ethiopian." yelled the angry Mr. Arbuckle. "Talk back to me will you" Then it was painful Ned was taught his place; but when he had learned it, he rould not see, and another man steered his trick

Capt. Haskins was non-committal. In the freezing weather off Cape Horn, John Swede, fell from the icy foretopgallant yard struck the upper topsail yard, bounded to the lower topsail yard and held on. But he ha dropped the heaver which he had taken aloft, and this fell perilously close to Mr. Arbuckle's head Descending painfully, with broken ribs and bleeding face, his answers to Mr. Arbuckle at the rail were not such, in coherence and repectful tone, as to convince the gentleman of John's innocence in dropping the heaver so close to him. So John was further crippled with the heaver, which the mate had secured. Capt. Haskins did what he could for the sufferer, and then reasoned with the mate. His crew was small he said, and it was unwise to have more than one man disabled at once. For, though Dutch Ned ould now see. Jerry was unable to pull ropes or steer

This advice might have prevailed, for Mr Arbuckle possessed a fairly logical mind. But, infuckily, he communed with George, a weak minded, lanky youth of the crew, whom he called aft to keep him company on a clear moonlight night. He asked the young man about his history, his plans, hopes and prospects, and the flattered weakling responded. He was a member of the Salvation Army, he said - not a sailor; and he had signed with Capt. Haskins at the behest of his superiors as a practical means of saving souls: for saflors ashere were hard to reach, and the army had few converts among them. But he had achieved little with this crew the spirit of the Lord was not with them. They were irreverent, profane and revengeful, in spite of his prayers and exhortations. And this led to the object of the interview. "Revengeful?" repeated the mate "What about

Are they after me "Well, no. sir; not that But they say spiteful

things. "About me? What do they say" Tell me hoy I've been your friend. I saw at the start that you were different from that crowd." "It's not all of them, air " said the fatuous youth

But Martin says that you practically murdered your wife and child years ago. O, I don't be lieve it, sir. I don't, really." The mate's face was frightful in the moonlight What how how did he put it?" he said

"I don't believe it. Mr. Arbuckle. He said that you beat her cruelly when at home, and when you left on a voyage she took the child to New York and tried to make a living, but they both starved to death."

n a choking voice.

"Go forrard," said the mate calmly, "and send that old liar aft.

George disappeared, and Martin came. "I'll teach you, you old crow bait," he said to set the men against me. Killed my wife and child did I? Didn't I tell you that the less you knew about Tompkinsville the better for you? "Mr. Arbuckle," answered the old man, bravely what I said in the fo'castle I'll say to your face and I've a right to say what the whole town knows knew you as a boy, and I knew your wife as a pretty little girl, and if the account is true, you are responsible. I never saw your baby, bu my folks did, and read the letter she sent just before they both died of starvation.

The old man fell under the fist blow which for lowed, and when the infuriated officer had finished stamping upon him, he, too, was carried to h bunk. And Capt. Haskins became alarmed his secret ideals had been realized. "You stop this right here, Mr. Arbuckle." I

aid. "I forbid you killing and maiming my crew If you strike another of my men I'll put you'fore the mast. I will, by the eternal. Which was as near as Capt. Haskins ever came to

profemity But the mate was not himself, he answered warm

in fact threatened to break Capt. Haskins's head if he violated his agreement not to intefere between him and the men, and for a few days was practically master of the vessel -a ferror to all. Then an incident brought him around.

The Salvationist, useless on deck, and spared by the mate only because of his value as a spy ing a clear, bell-like tenor voice. Usually be sang the sacred words of jingling tunes of the Salvation Army and on this evening he treated them to a pathetic song of the Wardays It began softly, at first, nothing distinguishable but the melody then rising until the words of the refrain could be heard from the poop.

Rest, noble spirit, in thy grave unknown I'll find you and know you among the good and true When a robe of white is given for the faded coat

Mr. Arbuckle was heard to utter a sound b tween a gasp and a groan; then he ran forward. entered the forecastle, pulled the singer from hi bunk and expressed himself:

"Shut up-shut up, you snivelling, caterways ing insect. Don't let me hear any more of this. Then he shook the unlucky George until his breathing was difficult.

"Don't you want us to sing in the last dog watch below, sir" asked Tom, standing up. "No," yelled the mate. Then, reminded by their faces that the edict was revolutionary, he added "Not such songs as this. They're played out years ago. Sing something decent-lively. Hear me," he said to the cowering George. "Sing

"Yes, sir all rght, sir-aye, aye, sir," swered George, and the mate went aft. He walked the deck until midnight, and for an hour into his dog watch below; then approached

something lively, if you want to sing; and don't

"Mustn't think sir." he said, halting, "that I'm trying to kill the men. I'm not; but they aggravate me. There's no able seamen aboard." "That is a matter of opinion, Mr. Arbuckle, answered the captain, coldly. "Even so, able seamen are not really necessary in a little craft like this. Human beings they are and require human treatment. And, what's wrong with hat boy? He's got a good voice. I like to hear him sing; and he's the one man, beside the cook, that you haven't maltreated, i thought you liked him."

"Like him the sniveling, psalm-singing sneak? I've pumped him dry about the rest, and they put him up to sing that song. I know it. It's the old fellow. Have you heard what

he's saying hout me?" About your wife? Yes. Martin told me when I bandaged him. That is not my business. But I shouldn't think a mere song could disturb you Mr. Arbuckle. I know the song-Faded Coat Blue.' It il draw tears from a stone, but not from bucko mates - as a general thing."

"But I've got feelings, capt'n, same as any man. And that's a song she taught the childused to sing it together, the young un sittin' in her lap, and me smokin' and listenin'. 'Tisn' on her account. She quit me when I was at sea But she took the boy my boy. She took my boy away, and he died.

"Of starvation" "No." and the mate's voice was hoarse. "I wont have it that way. She lied. Starvationmy boy not that. He got sick, maybe, and

she didn't take care of him." "Why did she quit you" asked the captain for lack of something to say. "Why, captain, she was one of these high-toned

pieces-too good for this world-parson's daugh ter and when her old dad died she was glad to marry me and get something to eat. But she objected to everything I did and said I wasn't good enough for her-and when I gave her few bats in the nose she objected still more. every man. Why should a woman be exempt? But she quit me, and took my boy."

"Well." said the captain, slowly, "if that is your code, we cannot discuss it. You are too old to be changed. I'll simply say, Mr. Arbuckle that I am master here under the law. I forbid you to strike another man aboard my vessel You are big enough to thrash all hands, but I know the law, and will prosecute you, with my

The mate went to his bunk. He may, or may ot, have been impressed by the captain's threat. He certainly was by an interview with the cook occurred a few mornings later. So far there had been no friction between these two. the most important factors in the economy of a ship at sea. But the watch on deck, being a little dilatory in drinking their morning coffee, brought Mr. Arbuckle to the galley door loudly commanding that the cook stop the morning coffee unti further orders. The cook came to the door with 10-inch carving knife.

"Look heab," he said, with sparkling eyes. know you, you no 'count whiteman. My father used to go into the forest an' kill gorillas like you 'fore the traders got him. I was a slave 'til I was big 'nough to run 'way. 'Then I killed an overseer like you. Now I'm an American. You heah me? I'm an American. I signed heah to cook for all hands an' give 'em coffee at turn-to. I'm going to do it. I sharpened this knife the day you foined, an' I've kept it sharp. If you run foul o' me, I'll cut you into little bits. beah me?

The officer heard, and understood. He went aft for a revolver, and the rook followed to the cabin door with the knife, and met him when he appeared. But the pistel did not leave his pocket. The cook was as large a man as himself, and there was an earnest look in his sparkling eyes that dominated other influences. So the day work began without disturbance.

From this on, though he carried his revolve estentationsly for the cook's benefit, and cursed the men explosively night and day, he obeyed Capt. Haskins's injunction; until the last day of the passage he struck no man. But in the case of George, no longer exempt, the vocal abuse had the effect of reducing him to a state of chronic terror, which found expression in a willingness to betray to Mr. Arbuckle all that was said in the forecastle in the hope of finding favor with him. The mate would listen, of course, and abate none of his contempt for the informer, while the crew eastly surmising the object of the nightly discourse at the weather main rigging, made life a burden to George in the watch below. Never too wholesome in his attitude toward his fellow men, he yielded to the pressure, and became an illogical. irresponsible animal. Never too cleanly in his personal habits, he became an offence to the eye and nestril, and this induced the mate to apply beroic treatment. He dowsed him with buckets of water in the morning washing down the deck, and this not availing he collared him one dark night when he had crept att with a new tale, marched him to the taffrail, and in spite of his screams, tied him to the end of the mainsheet and lovered him over the stern slacking away until the poor wretch was immersed to his waist. Occasionally, a lifting sea would bury him, amothering his cries; then, as the stern arose, he would daugle, dripping and gasping, from the upright rope until another sea came to overwhelm him. Mr. Arbuckle watched from the taffrail, and might have pulled him in after he was presumably cleaner, but a sudden squall or shift of wind required his attention and the work of the watch below for two hours, during which George remained overboard, forgotten by all but the man at the wheel. At last it was Martin barely recovered from his beating, who informed Mr. Arbuckle that if he did not hoist George aboard he would becket the wheel and call the captain, which induced the officer to curse Martin luridly but, as a secondary consideration, to rescue the involuntary bather.

George would not talk when he was pulled in. He smiled voluminously in the light from the bin nacle, and muttered incoherently, but would not talk in spite of the stern command of the mate to tell how he felt and to state his future intentions with regard to soap and water. They lee him forward, where his horrified shipmates stripped and put him in his bunk to drivel himself into the sleep of utter exhaustion and idiocy. He awak ened twelve hours later, and, though he still gib bered when spoken to often repeating the words of the speaker he showed no sign of brain, mind or soul behind the words. They found that he could pull a rope if put in his hands, and would belay when told. He could not be trusted at the wheel, but learned to express himself on seeing light, and became available on the lookout If properly watched he could paint, tar down rig ging, sweep and scrub the deck, but could do no work requiring the intelligence of a pack mule Vet, in spite of the embargo on his tongue, he could sing the songs he had known in a soft plaintive voice, which moved these rough men that had wrecked his mind he displayed no more fear of Mr. Arbuckle: he never avoided him, but would smile into his face with the innocent cando

What Mr. Arbuckie thought of his handtwork found no expression in his manner or discourse He was still the strict, arbitrary, profane critic of the crew that he was before. What Capt Haskins thought could be surmised by the fact that he spoke no more to his mate, and entered the incident in his official log. The men were less guarded boldly announcing their intention to throw him overboard if he went much farther and warning Mr. Arbuckle in any event to be prepared for legal proceedings on shore which did not in the least affect the officer at the time this being the last gossip given him by George

on the night of his ducking It was when the anchor was dropped off Tompkinsville. Staten Island, that he broke out again, to wind up the passage with a proper assertion of his dignity. A slight mistake on the part of one of them in paying out chain, and the scowling approval of the mistake in the faces of the rest, induced him to lay about him with a bandspike, and when he had finished three only of the crew - Tom, Martin and George-could stand erect. Even the cook was disabled. When he left his galley to join the row, he was met, not by a pistol shot-simply by the swinging handspike, and the hand that held that sharp carving knife was crushed.

Canvas had been furled while towing up the bay, so when the pilot had been put ashore in the dingey, the work of the day was done, and all hands went to a late supper-served one handed by the cook. When he had cleared off the disher from the cabin table, Mr. Arbuckle, courageous and confident from his recent victory, reminded the captain of his pre-expressed desire to be paid

"You want your pay, do you?" asked the in dignant little captain, heatedly. "You want to quit me now to escape arrest, and leave me to dock this vessel with three men. You'll get your money to-morrow, and you'll get it in the presence of the policeman who arrests you.

The argument and quarrel which followed need not be detailed. It ended in a crashing blow of the six-foot officer's foot on the temple of the five-foot captain. The little man reeled, sat down on a stool, slid off and stretched himself on the floor with the deliberation of a man preparing for sleep, while Mr. Arbuckie, breathing loudly and deeply, looked down on him with angry eyes. But as he looked the auger left his eyes, and his breathing, though still loud and deep, changed its character. He examined the captain's head There was no outward sign of injury, and he felt for a movement of the heart. The breast was warm, but as rigid as the face with its staring eyes He stood up, then sait down on the stool and looked

at the man he had killed. He had bargained to receive his money and discharge before docking, if he killed a man on the passage. Here was the dead man, where was the money?

He procured keys from the captain's pocket lighted the lamp in his room, searched his desk and found, not only money enough to pay off all ands, but the account of wages due each man up to the end of the following day, and their dis charges, signed by Capt. Haskins, his own stating that as mate he was V. G. (very good). He counted out the money due him, signed his name to the account, pocketed the money and discharge and locked the desk. As far as the world was concerned he was officially paid off as mate of the Warrior. Then, lifting the corpse to the bed in the room, he turned down the lamp and sought the deck.

It was a dark wintry evening, with cold rain and a colder wind out of the north which froze the rain as it fell. Deck, rail and rigging were already coated with ice, and overboard large cakes of it, fragments of the Hudson River pack. were floating seaward on the swift tide. The vessel was alone at the anchorage, moored beyoud easy bailing distance from the shore, and | board! Any one hear me? Help! Help!"

all lights were turned out forward except the riding light in the fore rigging. The stooped figure of Martin, standing the first anchor watch, showed dimly in the darkness at the forecastle door, but the rest of the stricken men were undoubtedly in their bunks. It was an ideal night for mur der and its concomitants, but, cold as it was, Mr. Arbuckle perspired profusely. He climbed poop steps and looked over the syrn, where the dingey, tugging at its painter, Sobbed and rocked on the black water below, Long and silently he mused, and often mopy of his brow with his handkerchief; then his p sings found

expression. "Won't do," he muttered. "Joctors would now he didn't drown. Adrify in the dingey may be no oars frozen to death? But I need the boat for an alibi. Frozen to death-how falls overboard floats long enough to ood -a life buoy! Some on throws it. Who! must be ashore. One o' the men the idiot. He could throw it, and do no more. I must come out just in time to hear cries or help, climb aboard. miss the skipper, find the life buoy gone and raise Cain. Idiot on anchor watch. When is he or watch? But I can arrange that."

He removed a life buo, from the quarter rai entered the cabin by the after companionway and drew the cork ring wer the head and shoulders of the body, twisting the still pliable arm and fingers around it to hold it in place. Next he carried the body up and rested it against the taffrail until he had assured himself that Martin was still forward. Then he carefully lowered it over the stern, shifting his hold to the hair and reaching down until the feet touched the wa ter before letting go. There was hardly a splash the life buoy was forced up snug under the arm and the body, shoulders out, floated away on the tide. No intelligent coroner would pronounce this a case of murder.

Mr. Arbuckle descended to his room, where se changed his clothes, putting on the suit he and worn at Callao. As he donned the coat he felt of a letter in the pocket - the letter given him by the consul, and which he had forgotten to liver. He read the address, "Martin Mathews, brigantine Warrior, Callao, Peru, care American Consul." He no longer perspired so profusely but trembled from the reaction of feeling whic followed the safe disposal of the body. A glass of spirits from the captain's stock remedied this and, going on deck, he bawled out in his most flicer-like tone, "Who's on watch? Lay at here." Martin obeyed, and met him at the main-mast.

"Here's a letter I got from the consul at Ca ao for you. Forgot all about it." "Thank you, sir," answered Martin, as he too "I 'spect it's from my sister in shore here. Curious, sir, that I come back to Tomp

kinsville to read it." "Never mind about Tompkinsville. dands watch to night" "Only three of us, sir. We greed to let the rest

have all night in. Tom relieves me at 'leven, and George relieves him at 3. I came on at 8, sir, as you ordered at supper time. "That's all right. Let George come on at 11 and let Tom take the morning watch. The harbor's quiet at midnight and river thieves work late, Let Tom take the last watch, Under

"Yes, sir. I'll call George at 'leven.

"And keep your watch on the poop. Pass the word along. Make that idiot understando stand watch on the poop. But don't disturb the captain. He's sick. If he feels better I may go ashore in the dingey

All right, sir. May I read my letter forrard

"Go ahead get it off your mind." Martin disappeared in the direction of the fore astle, and when Mr. Arbuckle saw him emerge a little later be went below.

"Got to make sure." he said. "Got to have the idiot on deck, and I can't disturb the watche any more. Make 'em suspicious. I'll wait till leven o'clock when the skipper feels better." He waited, passing the time as he could, and when the cabin clock struck 11 went on deck, first fortifying himself with a glass of whiskey George and Martin were coming aft, the older nan earnestly explaining the orders to the younger. Mr. Arbuckle, fully as earnestly repeated them enjoining George to stand watch on the poop and not to disturb Capt. Haskins, who was fe

And I'm going ashore," he said to Marun. "Be back about midnight, 'Fore you turn in bring the dingey up to the gangway.

bile the smiling idiot watched the operation Then Mr. Arbuckle descended the side ladder, slacking himself carefully down by the mantopes These were two short, fancifully covered ropes, eading from brass stanchions in the rail, one each side of the ladder, to within a foot of the water. They were covered with ice and hard to hold, et he paused half way down to repeat the com mand to "stand watch on the poop." "Yes, sir, answered the old sailor, as he climbed

the rail with a nume-brake in his hand 'The boy'll do that all right, but I want to say something first. You're going, George Arbuckle. You've got your money and discharge, and this is the last we'll see o' you. I know the trick. You're not takin' your clothes, 'cause you have none worth takin'. We'll have to wait three days fore we get our money, and then we can't find you. You'll lay low and ship again to eripple more men. But I've got this to say an thew it over, too-you just remember that I had the satisfaction of tellin' you. Hold on, there, Mr. Arbuckle had moved his arms upward. "Don't you come up, or you'll go down by the run. I'll brain you. you devil, if you climb that ladder. You stay there and listen. You've pretty near cilled this crew. You've hammered and clubbed is to the last man, and one of us you drove insanc -this boy here. Look at him, you brute. He's your own son. Do you hear? Your own sonhe little boy - that we all thought died o' starvation. He didn't die-nor the mother, either, at the time. She came back to Tompkinsville since this brig sailed from New York, and she died here, eight months ago. She fooled you. The let ter I got tells of it. And the boy was a Salvation Army man, and shipped in this vessel. She told that, but she didn't know that he was to meet his father and be driven insane. Look at your work, you hell-hound. Look at your work!"

Mr. Arbuckle descended quickly. The ropes and steps were very slippery, but this may not have been the reason of his hurry. The demented youth looked down and gibbered. The man in the boat said nothing. When Martin cast off the painter e shipped the oars and pulled shoreward.

lie was not back at midnight; he came at I clock, when the flood tide had gathered force. and the vessel was tailing up the harbor with th side ladder on the offshore side. He hailed as he approached, but the anchor watch, looking down from the peop rail, did not answer the order to take the painter, so he pulled to the steps and essayed to climb them with the painter in his hand. But steps and man ropes were still icy. He slipped, scrambled, lost the painter, and as the boat floated sternward, found himself in the water, holding on to the end of the after manrope with the side ladder tantelizingly close, but not

within reach. The tide was strong and held him away from he ladder. The water was icy cold, and his teeth hattered. Uttering an angry curse, he pulled himself up high as his strength would enable him and with less of his body immersed, he swung toward the ladder; but, strong man as he was, he could not support so much of his weight and water soaked clothing with one hand, ever to catch the ladder with the other. With finger sails scraying the coveted steps, he slid down the ope, and barely held on at the end. Again and again he tried, only to fatigue himself in failure. "On deck, there!" he called at last. "George,

gi' me a hand here! George! On deck! Hear me' Gi' me a band!" George heard, but remained on the poop rail silently observing him.

"George" he called. "Come down to the gangway. Stand watch at the gangway now! Hear me? And send me down a bowline. Understand" Make a runnin' bowline 'round the after me, George"

Had there been more of command in the tone of his voice George might have obeyed. In a manner. But he spoke pleadingly.

"On deck, there!" be called again, raising his voice. "Forward there. Turn out, somebody. and gi' me a hand. Man overboard! Man overThe idiot above chuckled and repeated the call oftly: "Man overboard! Man overboard!" "George, my boy," he begged, "help me up. Call

the men. No, call Tom -don't bother Martin. Go forrard and call Tom that's a good boy. "Good boy, Good boy," was "Yes, George, you are. But help me. your father, George, I just learned. Under-stand? Your father, I didn't know it before. Neither did you. I thought you died when you

were little; but you didn't die. And now I'm going to stand by you, George: if you'll help me 'm your father.' "Fadder fadder fadder fadder," came back to him. Then, perhaps, because he had just heard repetitions of Martin's denunciatory word chattered, "Diden die diden die didendiden die -you devil-you devil, devil, devil, devil

brute, you brute, you brute. Look at your work diden die, diden die, diden die" and it merged into incoherent drivel. The man in the water groaned hoarsely; then with eyes bulging, and veins in his hands, neck and temples standing out like cording, he strained his muscles and scraped the side with the edges of bis shoe soles in a mighty effort of strength. Then he slid down, panting hoarsely, and groaned I'm cramped. I've got the cramps. Help'

the clear, bell like voice echoing on the shore: My brave lad he sleeps in his faded coat of blue. In a lonely grave unknown lies the heart that beat In a lonely grave unknown lies the heart that beat so true.

He sank faint and hungry, among the famished brave.

And they laid him sad and lonely within his name-

while he rested, both hands gripping the rope ove

his head, the gibbertsh above changed to this

less grave. "Oh, God, have mercy on my soul!" mutter the man, as the singer ended the verse. His eyes were closed now, and while the boy above hummed

of the Consul at Callao: "The wrong we do comes home to us this side of the grave, and the men we kill come back to watch

the melody softly, he repeated to himself the words

Something brushed him, and he opened his eyes. Within a foot of his face was the torse of a man supported by a life buoy. The staring eyes looked into his own. With a gasp and a gurgle he let go of the rope and the two went up the has

MURDER AS A FINE ART. Evidence That De Quipcey Was Not Authority on the Subject.

hanged him in Chicago inside of a year all be cause of half a broken cuff button in the dead man's It was a little thing, but some such little thing is always there to tell the tale. Murder will out," and the police inspector stretched his feet on the opposite seat of the smoking compartment and leaned back with the air of a man who has thoroughly demonstrated his proposition. "Yes, murder will out maybe," replied the mining engineer as he adjusted the stern fragment of a cigar into an amber holder for a new lease of smoke. "There is nothing that strikes me as more palpably inconclusive than that same quotation. Of course some murders come out and it is only those that do come out that stand any chance of being identified as murders. Take a practical view of it. If a really crafty man wants commit a murder, do you suppose he is going to knock his game on the head with a club or shoot him up a whole lot on the public highway? Talk about De Quincey's 'Murder as a Fine Art" never could see any art about it. All of his murders were clumsy butcheries without any char acter to them except buckets of blood. Why knew an engineer of an electric plant down in South America who could have given De Quincey points and who put his man out of the way so that the Coroner didn't think it worth while to hold an

the Coroner didn't trink it worth while which inquest.

"You see they had put in an electric light plant in Caracas along with an ice machine and some attesian wells, so the town was feeling pretty metropolitan. The company had to take all its help down there from the States, but when the plant was up and running they sent the most of them back or drafted them off on other jobs so that about all they kept were a few linemen and the engineer and his assistant. These two engineers were thrown together all the time, slept in the same quarters, are at the same table and quite naturally in three months were ready to kill each other on sight. The assistant taught the chief poker. in three months were ready to kill each of sight. The assistant taught the chief and the chief developed rapidly and pretty put his instructor into the hole for about months' wages. It was summer; the wea was muggy as the inside of a Turkish bath; hated each other and had nobody else to tall they played cards in self-defence after work over and they snarled over every jackpot. The weather was in their nervestill they felt as though yellow fever with a furlough attached would be an undisguised blessing. The assistant couldn't see any way of winning himself out of the hole and he made up his mind to get even and quit or kill the chief. So one night when the other had thrown out some siur about people that played for paper because it was easy paid, the assistant made the chief a proposition to play him one cold hand double or quits. The chief held something like a full house to a four flush and then the other made up his mind to kill him and put an end to it all.

"It was before the day sof direct connected dyn nos, and the plant was fixed with an old Westing-house horizontal engine and a belt-connected double brush dynamo set at the other end of the room far enough off togive the helt a good sway on the pulleys. He told me he often sat smoking and figuring just how he could get rid of the chief. He was prejudiced against poison, because he didn't think it could be worked without leaving a clue. He thought sometimes of tripping the old man into the fly wheel when the plant was run-ning, but there might be some litter about that as the firemen were always just in the botter room and besides the chief didn't drink and engi-neers don't stumble into their machines when they neers don't stumble into their machines when the are sober. Finally he hit what he thought wa

assistant, always oiled 'round just at midnight. When the chef looked at the clock and started after his oilcan, the assistant went to the closet and took out a good sized wad of waste and dipsed it in the water bucket. Then he walked up close to the driving wheel of the engine. Naturally the driving wheel of the engine. Naturally wheel of the dynamo, so the belt ran on a down grade to the small pulley, passing right alongside the brass oil cup on the main journal. When the chief lifted the cap of the oil cup the assistant called to the dago in the fire room to lend him a match. That was merely to get a winess on hand. Then he dropped his wad of wet waste on the running belt and walked toward the fire room door. The wad of waste stuck where it was dropped and was carried down like a flash by the belt. It fetched up slap between the oil cup and the brushes and grounded 2,000 volts of alternating current right through the chief's hand. The lights blinked just as the dago showed up in the doorway and this calling the assistant's attention to what had happened, he reached over and yanked the belt off the driver at the imminent risk of losing his cown arm. The engine raced a bit, but he shut her down before any harm was done and then they struck a light and went to the assistance of the chief. But it was too late. He died without ever recovering consciousness. assistant, always oiled 'round just at midnigh When the chief looked at the clock and starte He died without ever recovering consciousness. The fireman, who didn't know the difference between oil and water in a piece of waste, told marvellous tales about the assistant's quick action vellous tales about the assistant's quick action in shutting down the plant, and the directors of the company gave him the chief's vacant berth along with a raise of wages and a beautiful letter complimenting him on his courage and promptitude in the emergency.

"He worked a dredge engine for me afterward down on the coast and when he was about passing out with charges fever he told me the story to ease bis mind. For practical purposes, I don't think that murder ever came out."

THIRD ARMY CORPS REUNION. It Will Be Held This Year on the Battlefield of Gettysburg on May 22 and 23.

The Third Army Corps Union, of which Gen. homas R. Matthews of Boston is the President, will hold its annual reunion, business meeting and banquet at Gettysburg. Pa., on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 22 and 23. A large number of prominent members of the corps are expected to be present, including Gen. Sickles, the only surviving commander of the Third Corps, and Gens. Sewell, Tremaine, Collis, Rusling, Dickinson, McKeever, Dunham, Mattocks, Hamlin and Mortis. The railroads covering the Trunk Line Association territory have granted the usual

one and a half-rate for the round trip.

The usual date for the annual reunion is May
5, the anniversary of the battle of Williamsburg,
the corps first battle; but in order to co-operate
with the Society of the Army of the Potomac,
the date was changed to May 22 and 23, so that
the Third Corps men who desire to do so can also
attend the Army of the Potomac's reunion at Fredericksburg, Va. on May 25 and 26. The Wash
ington branch of the Third Army Corps I nion
has appointed a committee, with Gen. Chauncey
McKever as chairman, which made arrangements
by which the delegation going to Fredericksburg
will stop at Washington on May 24 and pay its
respects to President McKeinley. one and a half rate for the round trip.

respects to President McKinley.
The New York organizations interested in this reunion are the First, Second, Thirty seventh, Thirty eighth, Fortieth, Fifty afth, Seventieth, Thirty-eighth, Fortieth, Fifty-fifth, Seventieth, Seventy-first, Seventy-second, Seventy-third, Seventy-third, Seventy-third, 101st, 106th, 120th, 124th 151st and 163d Volunteer Infantry; Sixth Heavy Artillery, Battery D First Artillery, the Fourth, Sixth, Tenth, Eleventh, and Twellth Light Batteries, and the New York companies of Berdan's Sharpshooters.

COAST TOWNS OF LIGURIA. Their Interesting Rivalry

GENOA. March 19.-The Italian towns stretch ing along the coast of the Mediterranean Sea eastward to Nice and southward to Pisa belong to the Province of Liguria. They form sinuous, snake-like chain at the base of the Apennines, and are so nearly one straggling settlement that it is difficult for the casual observer to mark their boundaries. From this condition it would be natural to suppose that they would share in common their interest and their industries, which united efforts would increase their progress and their power. Absolutely the contrary state of things is the case with one notable exception. Patriotism binds them to gether to defend Liguria and see that her well known dignity is upheld, but when there is no war against an outsider to keep them busy they war among themselves in a petty fashion, just to keep in practice a proper feeting and condition

This war among themselves is not entried or by ball and bullet, but by tongue and trade. An industry that is respected and flourishes in one place is looked down upon and avoided in the next, each village prougly claiming superiority on account of its particular occupation, and no His voice was weak now, and he saved it; but, on account of the particular quality of that occupation. In some cases the natural advantages of the country account for this ta good fishing ground making good fishermen, or a good quarry ground making good quarrymen), but in other nstances the reason cannot be traced except to the mountainous nature of the coast that reared ndividual clans in its narrow, deep valleys, who migrating to the serpentine like shore that connect them in its stretch of hundreds of miles have not overcome their ancient spirit of rivalry. The towns from Genoa southward to Pisa

ustrate this. Genoa is the great commercial port. Though its people build palaces and picture galleries their thoughts are chiefly with their shipping, their business projects and their breakwaters. It was in this atmosphere that Columbus breathed his desire and his plan, which, after all, was wholly in behalf of the extension

By coach from Genoa it is but a few hours' drive to Nervi. The way lies amid dense lemon groves dotted with villas, that in their setting of green foliage remind one of tropical birds, due to the brilliant frescoes that adorn their external walls. In Nervieverything is easy going and unbusines like. The inhabitants devote their time to visitors. but the catering is done in such an unpretention fashion that it is the chief charm of the place to "So they located him in St. Louis and they the English. Russians and Germans who occupy in winter the hotel on the high rocky coast prom made. At the titting in summer of these so-ourners the Sicilians and Neapolitans crowd

o take their place. The next link in this chain of towns is Rapollo which scorns and dislikes to have strangers at its hearth, as it is too busy with its olive oil trade to be disturbed. following the curve of the sea comes Zoagli

whose people manufacture satiu in their indi-vidual homes and in their turn, wish to have noth-ing to do with visitors or the olive oil trade.

Adjoining Zoagli is Chiavri, where the building of ships and the making of light chairs is the employment, while in the next town. San Margherita, the men are coral fishermen and the women lace makers. This last named place is full of gnerits, the men all states are place is full of romantic love, which can be easily traced to the stories told round the candle light, when the women busy with their needles and shuttles listen to the adventures of the fishing season off the coast

adventures of the fishing season off the coast of Sardinia and Africa
Spezia, one of the best harbors in Europe, brags of the Royal Dock Yards and hill fortifications, and Via Reggio of its forests of pine trees that conquer its opponents not with shell and blast, but with balm and soft breath, for which Byron and Shallar have made it immortal. selley have made it immortal

Carrara and its quarries are world renowned. It is not difficult to understand that the 5,000 men who block out these immaculate shafts of men who block out these immaculate shafts of stone feel responsible for the glory that has come and comes to the statuary, of which their crude work is the beginning and foundation. They feel that they are greatly more important to the world than if they were merely a chair, satin or lace maker, or a fisherman or a trader in olive oil, and they are not at all disturbed by the knowledge that, the chair and lace maker and the fisherman and the trader, each individually, thinks himself in turn the topmost of the lot. Inter-marriage, due to these conditions, proves a serious question. A woman chosing for herself a mate outside of her place of birth loses caste with her own and with her husband's people; consequently when such a marriage happens, which is seldom, the couple are forced away from their old moorings into a larger town at a distance, where the feeling of such prejudice is unknown.

The strength and antagonism which exists in this belt of Liguria marks and distinguishes the people, who are an energetic race of narrow and forceful natures, whose local prides are highly developed, and show marked individuality in their undertakings, though they make no progress in their work, for they are satisfied with

SHE-BEAR CAME WHEN CALLED.

selves and what they do.

Frenchman's Hunting in Maine After He Had Found Two Cubs. MT. CHASE, Me., March 30 .- A dozen or more bears have made their home in the caves on the sides of Mount Chase for years. The township is mostly newly cleared land and produces great crops of berries, upon which the bears grow fat, so they have no need to wonder away and vex the farmers in the nearby towns. This spring when Charles Briggs and Billy La Fontaine went to Mount Chase to tap maple trees they saw bear tracks in the snow at different places, indicating that bruin had completed his winter's sleep and was ready for business. As soon as the san be gan to run (reely and the smell of maple syrup went abroad in the woods, the bears came around the camp every evening, biting the sap dishe and gnawing the spigots for the sweetness which they contained. The sugarmakers stood it for

a few days and then La Fontaine went home for On his return to camp he sat up nights waiting to get a shot, but the bears were shy and never came near the trees while the watcher was on duty. After two or three nights of vain watch ing the Frenchman returned to his work and made up for the loss of sleep by going to bed at regula hours. One afternoon when he had got rid of his weariness he strolled along the bare side of the mountain looking for signs of bear. The sun had melted the snow from the ground in many places, exposing the bright red plums of the chickerberry, of which bears are very fond. Emerging from a thicket of dwarf spruce he came to a sunny hollow, where he found two young to a sunny hollow, where he found two young cubs asleep. As soon as he saw them he knew the mother bear was close by, for the little fellows were hardly able to walk. It was a risky job to take them up and carry them to camp without arousing the wrath of their parent, but the Frenchman took the chance and succeeded in getting both of the youngsters safely housed. After

out arousing she wrath of their parent, but the Frenchman took the chance and succeeded in getting both of the youngsters safely boused. After this he oiled up his rifle, loaded it with bright new cartridges and went back for some fun.

As he drew near the glade where the cubs had been sleeping he made a short detour and hid himself away under an overhanging ledge. From the brink of the ledge the side of the mountain reached up in a rounded himmock, the summit of which was fully 200 yards away. The hunter, having concealed himself and found a log upon which to rest his rifle, began to make a feeble squawking sound in imitation of a cub. He uttered one or two calls, waited a few minutes and called again. He had repeated three notes at short intervals for half an hour when he heard the distressed mother crashing through the crust and brushwood. A moment later she appeared on the summit of the hummock, clearly outlined against the snow. It was a long shot, but the rifle contained sixteen cartridges, and La Fontaine had no desire to meet the bear at close quarters, provided he could kill her at long range. He took careful aim and fired.

As soon as he could see through the smoke he He took careful aim and fired.

As soon as he could see through the smoke he looked again, expecting to see the bear rushing to meet him, but there was no animal in sight. He was at loss to know what to do. If he left his bioing the bear would have the advantage in the open and might get the better of him. If he had killed the bear, which seemed improbable, his plain duty was to go and skin the body. He reasoned that he was safer below the ledge than he would be on the side hill in the deep snow. Initiating the cry of a distressed cub once more, he had the satisfaction of seeing the old bear mount the hummock and growt her defiance.

"By gar, cried the Frenchman, "eet hin good luck. Ah'm no hin go skeen heem for heem tin dead."

After he had fired he saw that the bear was gone and he began to suspect the ability of his rife to carry a 45-90 slug. He put in a brass pointed bullet for his third trial, called once more like a dying cub and saw the bear come struggling to the top of the hummock to meet her fate. He knew the bullet was loaded with death, because a wise old Indian from Old Town had told him so. As the hear fell back from the hillon after that third shot La Fontaine dashed up the hill

so. As the hear fell back from the fill the third shot La Fontaine dashed up the hill through the deep snow. He was badly blown when he reached the summit, but his eyes were what he saw led him to mistrust his viston what he saw led him said by actual touch. What he saw led him to mistrust his vistor until he had convinced himself by actual touch. In a little snowy pucket back of the hummock were three dead bears, all bearing the marks of rifle shots in their breasts. La Fontaine thinks if he had waited and called long enough he would have killed every bear in Aroostook county.

WHAT'S BECOME OF RABAH?

THE I

synorsis swith his grand house his son Mark. They his grandson, dissolute son a outside on an ethers. But the tells his spurway, who be hung transported to the transported to the synory transported transported to the synory tr

transporte gallows, aceks of Spurway, a quite succeed, eure, leaving hittle Anna Mai girls are worth excellent friend studies in the acellent friend studies in the self, Phillip's lominia lidner shortly after had thrilled by murders, evide calls Umphray weal, is deliver tho puts it in playing about hen stabs the they open the side, apparent stacked by role in. They a mother refuses Milas. Return Philip falls in the acet who, under pregans treasure, out his plight the help of his saul Mark, supprisons both A of much more Philip the eld wire's house, after the help of his saul Mark, supprisons both A of much more Philip the eld wire's house, and where Sir by Fer-de-lane a bast in which Mrs. Stansaelt who is in the acet with the borra, and where Sir by Fer-de-lane a bast in which Mrs. Stansaelt who is in the acet with the borra and where sir by Fer-de-lane a bast in which Mrs. Stansaelt who is in the acet with the borra and where sir by Fer-de-lane with Eborra and where Sir by Fer-de-lane a bast in which Mrs. Stansaelt who is in the acet with the borra and where sir by Fer-de-lane a bast in which Mrs. Stansaelt who is in the acet with the borra and where sir by Fer-de-lane and where sir by Fer-de-lane and which where sir by the salong her to-be Jan Mark, now the little Anna she is about the that Ar with — th

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MYSTERY MUST HE SOLVED BEFORE LAKE CHAD IS REACHED.

Soudanese Adventurer Imperils Three French Expeditions, Those of MM.

Foureau-Lamy, Gentil and Lieut. Meynier-Conflicting Stories Spread by Natives From the London Globe. The most curious and the most contradictory

statements have recently appeared concerning the movements of the famous Arab adventurer Rabah, whose romantic career has loomed large in the history of the Dark Contineut for the last thirty years, and upon whose actions greatly depends the success or failure of the French advance into the Lake Chad region. A short time ago we were informed, on apparently trustworthy authority, that a portion of his army was strongly intrenched at Togbao on the lower Shari, from which point of 'vantage he was opposing the advance of the French under Gentil. And then a very different story reached us. Rabah had fled into Wadai, and the Foureau Lamy mission, advancing from the north, had reinstated the representative of the Borneuse dynasty expelled by Rabah in 1893 upon the Bornu throne. In direct contradiction with this singular piece of news, a report published in Paris a little while back describes Rabah as more powerful than ever, and the prospects of the French expedition or expeditions desperate in the extreme. To make confusion worse confounded, advices recently to hand from the Cameroons tell us that Rabah has several white prisoners, and still retains Dikwa as his principal seat; whereas an official report received by the French Government four months ago clearly intimated that Rabah had abandoned Dikwa (from Niger sources the rumor recently arrived that Rabah had burned Dikwa), and converted Afade-a town in the neighborhood of the Logon River, and consequently some distance east of Dikwa-into his capital. The majority of these tales and counter-tales must have been derived from native sources, which tends to prove one thing at least, viz , that Rabah continues to exercise considerable influence over the imaginations of the inhabitants of Central Africa. The fact does not help us to elucidate the mystery, but is significant of the power still wielded by the conqueror of Bornu.

What is to be accepted and what rejected in

hese conflicting accounts? In the first place, we

may venture with some show of reason to dismiss

he report which credits the action attributed to

M. Foureau. The Foureau-Lamy mission is

definitely known to have reached Zinder early n December. Now, from the point of view, of ime only, it is materially impossible that information should have been received of M. Foureau's alleged proceeding, even if had actually taken place. That the strongest presumption exists against that hypothesis may be estimated from the following facts. The residence of the representatives of the Bornuese dynasty—the Kanemiyin—dispossessed by Rabah in 1893, is Kano, a town with which M. Foureau could no doubt easily communicate from Zinder, but which is in the heart of the Sokoto Empire, i.e., in Nigeria—British protectorate. Is it conceivable that the British authorities, who, by now, must be thretty close relationship with the Amirel-Munimin (the head of the Sokoto Empire) could have acquiesced in the French expedition, opening up political relations of the most important kind with the Mahomedan potentates of Nigeria? Again, M. Foureau, to replace the representatives of the Kanemi-yin dynasty in possession of Bornu, would have been obliged to march into Bornu, i.e., invade the British sphere—a thing which the French explorer would hardly have taken upon himself to do, and which, even if he hals we should certainly have heard of via the Niger.

The news that Rabah has fled into Wadai is not more credible. Rabah was probably never so strong as at present. It is a moral certainly that he is well armed, possesses numerous well-drilled troops, and has been able within the last three years to obtain supplies of ammunition from the North. He has just defeated a French ime only, it is materially impossible that informathat he is well armed, possesses numerous well-drilled troops, and has been able within the last three years to obtain supplies of ammunition from the North. He has just defeated a French expedition and seized its entire armar ent, including two guns, having a few weeks previously cautured the leader of a French commercial mission. M. de Behagle. Moreover, so far as we are able to judge at all of the obscure political mesvents now occurring in the Central Soudan, Rabah's political difficulties are disappearing, or, at any rate, have diminished. He is believed to have accepted Turkish suzeralnty, following in that respect the example of the Emir of Wadai, which action has probably eliminated the long-standing quarrel between them. Rabah, it will be remembered, defeated in 1892 an army sent by Yussil, late Emir of Wadai, to the assistance of Gaurang, Emir of Baghirmi, then besieged by Rabah in Mandjafa. An understanding with Wadai necessarily entails a rapprochement with the Senussi, and this to Rabah—who at various times has defied both Mahdism and Senussism—will be a source of great strength. The utter collapse of Mahdism, and the death of the Khalifa, must also prove an addition to his own prestige.

his own prestige.
Estimates of this kind cannot be otherwise than hypothetic, but so fer as one can hazard an opinion, the probabilities are that Rabah is making things uncommonly warm for the French expeditions operating in the neighborhood of the Chad; that his hold over Baghirmi and Bornu has tightened; and that, thanks to his opportunities for receiving wapons of precision the large. Chad; that his hold over Baghirmi and Bornu has tightened; and that, thanks to his opportunities for procuring weapons of precision, the large forces he is able to command, and his recently concluded political alliances, he has become an exceedingly formidable opponent of European penetration into the Central Soudan. As for the French, their exact situation in that region is not easy to gauge. Genul is probably kept in not easy to gauge. Genul is probably kept in theke on the Shart, not being sufficiently strong to attack. M. Foureau was instructed to return by the Niger Bend and the Western Soudan, but if the recently published letters of Lieut. Meynier (the officer left for dead by Voulet and Chanoine when they massacred the Klobb Mission, and now leading what remains of the original Voulet-Chanoine expedition) to his parents, in which he announces his intention of crossing the Chad into Wadai and joining Genttil in the south, are indicative of that officer's veritable intentions, the French Government would seem to have no other course than to send M. Foureau and Col. Lany after him. For Lieut. Meynier wrote home, ignorant of the fact that Lieut. Bretonnet, with the advance guard of Gentil's expedition, had been massacred a few days previously by Rabah in Baghirmi. Lieut Meynier wrote from Zinder, and the distance being segreat the news of Bretonnet's death might now reach him for a considerable time, too late perhaps to make retreat possible, especially in view of the circuitous route he proposed taking. Lieut. Meynier would, the proposed taking. Lieut. Meynier would the proposed taking. Lieut.

chance of success.

In any case it seems only too clear that the French expeditions operating in the Chad region are in a position of considerable difficulty and langer, and that affairs generally in the Central Soudan are in a state of political turmoll, which may well give birth to a Mohammedan upheavai, capable of serious and far-reaching proportions.

HEROIC WORK BY A GIRL. Badly Hurt, She Saves a Train Before Yielding to Unconsciousness. From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 22.-Miss Cora M. Wise is one of Indiana's heroines and holds warm place in the hearts of many persons whose ives she probably saved one night early in March. She is the telegraph operator and tower tender st Sands, Ind., a little station one mile from New Point. She has not been at her post for some time, and it will be several weeks yet before she will be able to resume her duties, for she is now slowly recovering from the effects of internal injuries received just before her brave deed.

The little tower that is her office stands forty on an embankment twenty feet high, making her office about sixty feet above the main level of the ground. She was sitting in this tower, having given the signal to the extra freight to come on that all was clear. The train pulled out of the siding, and as it was passing her little tower a car jumped the track. This threw four other cars off, and all of them came with great force against the tower, overturning it and sending Miss Wise to the ground in a mass of wireckage which soon took fire from the overturned stove, and in a short time was consumed. Miss Wise extricated herself, and, although she could out walk alone, she managed to hobble around and climb the steep embankment, where she found a man and ordered him to flag No. 1, a fast passenger train, which was due in a few minutes. She could do no more, however, the effort of climbing the embankment in her exhausted condition being too much for her, and she asked to be taken to her home in New Point, a mile away. Tender bands lifted her to the cab of an engine, and in a few minutes she was being rapidly taken where medical assistance could be rendered, but of this that all was clear. The train pulled out of the a few minutes she was being rapidly taken where medical assistance could be rendered, but of this she knew mothing, for she became unconsclous immediately after being placed on the engine. She said her first thought after finding herself in the debris of the tower was to save No. 1, and after that had been accomplished she soon succumbed to what afterward proved to be serious internal injuries.

Miss Wise does not seem to think much of her deed, and modestly refuses to be considered a herome, but those that tenderly cared for her and lifted her to and from the engine that bore her home know better than she that it was only her grent desire to be sure to save the passedger train

great desire to be sure to save the passenger train that enabled her to retain consciousness and climb